

Necromechanical

Whitechapel

I, machine have woke to my insides
Exposed to others like me
These insides are not like
The anatomy of what I once was
Excruciating, this pain is excruciating
I am nothing but root and uselessness
In a man created hell
All my mind can think is to destroy
Anything in my way
The stench of death is overpowering
Though the scent is quite comforting
I'm a machine
I'm a machine of other worldly capabilities
Bestowed on the weak
I'm a machine, we are the nightmare
That has come to life
Can it be that I am the only one
Believing my dreams?
I'm a machine
I have reached my afterlife
But I never died
Forever endowed with the stench of the gods
I am harvesting the ones who haven't been born
This imagination is reality
This is reality, this is reality
This is reality, this is reality
I am a machine, I am a machine

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